



Mary's Fate.

A NEW SONG.

Sung at Sadler's Wells.

THE decks were clear'd, the gallant band
Of British tars, each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolv'd, no danger fearing;
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
But thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear,
In seamanship dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
Yet such for love her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down below,
With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;
When cruel fate ordain'd it so,
Ere Ben had time to say how fare ye,
An envious ball convey'd the blow,
That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
Grief, rage, and love his bosom tearing,
His eyes reflected wild despair,
No more for life or safety caring;
Close came the foe, Ben madly cry'd,
Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye,
Then springing from the vessel's side
Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.

In the engagement both were slain,
Ben Block, and his true love Mary,
And when the battle it was o'er,
They did prepare their dead to bury;
His loving messmates heav'd a sigh,
As they on these true lovers gazed,
Each turn'd his head and dropt a tear,
When in the deep they both were bury'd.